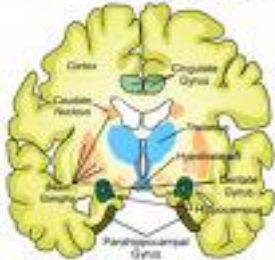


Figure AB-17: Limbic System
(Cross-Coronal Section)



We all get upset from time to time and like fine clocks some of us are more finely calibrated than others, so it takes very little to be disturbed or rocked from the general parameters of 'normality' and occasionally with a 'knock' we might miss a beat or two or possibly become derailed completely.

The human system is a classic organic clock with the heart keeping the beat



Working with and studying stress and trauma is exciting and rewarding to both our clients and our self as we take on broader, more expansive and deeper self awareness with body sensitive psychotherapy as a form of self study to better know and understand the path way upon which we make life's journey.

After spending most of my life denying or more to the point suppressing the exposure of my strong defensive emotion I have now progressed to a place confident enough in myself to allow my emotions to be expressed with the deliberate intention of getting the experience into the open where I can have a look at it and study the reasons underlying my regular disturbance and apparent lacking sense of safety about which I need to defend and protect myself.

Why am I afraid?

What am I afraid of?

Or am I afraid at all?

In recent days there has been a neighboring niggle annoying me, then last night there was a flash point for me to study and I went to sleep disturbed and left a matter on my mind for resolution, little did I know just how much my mind and the [adaptive unconscious](#) can process when the normally busy 'lights of consciousness are sleeping' and the observer or adaptive unconscious left running. By the observer I mean that part of us which obviously is not asleep because it remembers the dream.

Somewhere out there in the night a 'vehicle' sent two gaseous ice like opaque cubes towards me, they traveled from a great distance and I observed that both carried, embedded within them a red directional arrow which traveled in my direction and I knew they were intended for me.

The first cube merged and instantly dissolved into me before the second arrived. There was such a horrific impact that my entire being tremored in shock. There was no way I was about to have the second cube on board and to my relief and amazement I was able to pluck it from the air and held it at bay.

Here the dream really becomes interesting, as I became aware of a "thumping" heart which was way too fast and too strong to be ignored by my consciousness so I woke and from beneath the thumping heart there was the sense of terror reigning through my body. This sense was sickening.

Terror is not a new sensation as I have experienced some very scary moments in life where I just have had to meet fear face to face, probably way too often.

However in this situation the sensation had my being in such an extreme state of anxiety and was progressively racing that I recognised the possibility of greater danger should I allow the moment to expand or deepen and so another self managing part of my consciousness

immediately sought calm and I was able to slow my heart and terror back to where 'normal' allowed me to move gradually into sleep.

Then from the second cube which reappeared in my left hand came this overwhelming sense and hair raising shrill of cellular releasing delight in a comparable force to the previous terror and with it carried a most intense sense of realisation to my own safety. Again the degree of excitement broke into the sleeping consciousness to fully recognise the hair raised whelmed energetic state.

Deep sleep then led on into a dark rural village setting where I approached a sturdy old weatherboard multi story conversion from a pastoral wool shed to a dingy late night dive called "Sludge's".

"Sludge" the person was a very talented gentle, kind old rag time muso who was 'bourbon crooning' a blend of Al Jolson, Louis Armstrong, BB King and Frank Sinatra style numbers with some left over brass, and key board players still on duty for late night drinks for sad and the lonely who were also there indistinguishable in the darkened lamp lit folds of this dive.

Seems that "Sludge" and I knew each other and he acknowledged my daughter and I as we passed. Information flowed to me that I knew he was named "Sludge" it had been said that sludge was the mark that was left when the slime moved on. A decency and dignity with in all when the brash and front was dusted off.

Impressive willing staff were all working as volunteers and were caring for these everyday street people and were so pleased to have us with them as important reassurance of their worth. It seemed that our being present in these dingy hours was in some way warmly welcomed and we were so well treated, almost as if our presence was a form of expression of caring for and acknowledgement of them. Whilst to me our presence and theirs reassured each other of our mutual safety. Part of me was humbled yet accepting of this recognition.

Then my observer became a Supervising advisor and integrated the rest of the story and a clear comparison all fell into place about love, kindness and recognition, the dreaming continued with the Supervisor to some scratch match of football down in a cow paddock with a few noisy parochial locals standing along a fence.....whilst I tried to undo a knot in the dirty old pair

of footy shorts somebody handed me.

It was interesting also that I recognised I was not all that keen to play the game especially having to wear someone else's dirty shorts.

So I now see that I don't have to accept or be triggered by other's comments, cast offs, habits or behaviour this I see here in the symbolic clothing vision. Maybe there was also some concern about my health and I imagine some vanity here also, or maybe that was just because I had recently read that Australia's Prime Minister Kevin Rudd considered Australians needed to be protected from seeing him in rugby shorts to which I sensed common resonance.

Writing this dream is certainly self revealing and one could expect a million critical interpretations, variations and explanations, however, the point that I would emphasise is the absolutely amazing and real physical energetic activation and release resultant to my deliberate attempt to study the underlying source and consequence of expressing and releasing tension.

There is just such an amazing ocean of untapped wisdom and understanding as we gain the courage to plumb the depth of our own unconscious drivers which our 'being' has adopted and taken on board as essential behaviour for survival.

The following reference to the adaptive unconscious will take you to the founder of Hakomi Ron Kurtz' latest writings on his progressive therapeutic studies which we have been most fortunate to have experienced and witnessed in the flesh of our being.

Consequently from personal experience and with therapy I have no doubt what so ever that once these pathways of consciousness are identified and opened we expose the opportunity for the establishment of new responses to formerly unconscious behaviour as this dream report may demonstrate.

[Adapting to the Adaptive Unconscious](#) .

From Ron Kurtz:

The adaptive unconscious has come into currency in the last couple of decades. Books have been written about it (Strangers to Ourselves for example). In contrast to the Freudian unconscious, it's much more of a helpmate than a "cauldron of erotic and violent impulses". It is there to "conserve consciousness". (For more about this, [see cognitive load theory articles on the web](#) !)

As I learned about the AU, I began to recognize and work with that part of the mind as it interprets situations and initiates actions and reactions acting completely outside of conscious decisions and awareness. Knowing this, I can understand and respond to a person's behavior in a more accurate, appropriate and sensitive way, thus gaining a level of cooperation that greatly helps the work proceed.